

CHARIVARIA.

"I HOPE," says the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD, "to be able to throw up my hat when the Church of Wales is disestablished." We have not seen the Doctor's hat, but it is quite possible that the offer may, from an æsthetic point of view, be worth closing with at once.

"I have something like a mortal fear of a paper constitution," declares Mr. KEIR HARDIE. Naturally, we should all prefer to have iron constitutions.

"An article," announces a contemporary, "by the editor of *Old and New Japan*, pointing out that Japan was a civilised country when Britons were painting themselves with wood (sic), appears on page 4." "Wood" is clearly a misprint for burnt cork.

One of the "Tableaux of British Dress" at the White City represents, we are told, "The Lawn of the Garden Club after Dinner." Visitors are recommended to see this rather than the original, which will be found, we fear, to be but a feeble and disappointing parody of the copy.

Another attraction is "Japan in the Four Seasons." A companion picture, "England in the Four Seasons," can also, owing to the marvellous versatility of our weather, be seen on most days.

One of the Formosan head-hunters at the Exhibition, we read, menaced a photographer who wanted to include him in a picture, and, had he not been restrained, would have attacked the white man then and there with an improvised club. Those people, who have already been victimised by press snapshooters, consider that the officious persons who interfered incurred a grave responsibility by preventing an elementary act of justice.

Asked whether Halley's Comet affected the weather, Dr. LOCKYER answered, "Not a bit. Weather variations are due to changes in the sun, and the comet is a mere flea-bite in comparison with that." Still, those spots on the sun, which were puzzling the experts a little while ago, may have been caused by the mere flea-bites.

Meanwhile the tail of the comet is said by some observers to be getting smaller. Apparently the comet has now approached sufficiently near to the earth to see that long trains are no longer worn.

The horrors of duelling again! After a contest between a French journalist, M. GUNGL, and an Italian fencing master named CARLETTI, M. GUNGL, we are told, kissed Sig. CARLETTI.

HEIT RUDOLF MARTIN, in his book, *Deutsche Machthaber*, gives a list of the favoured advisers of the KAISER. These include HEIT VON GAMP. The KAISER, with that thoroughness which is so characteristic of him, evidently believes in preparing for a rainy day.

A lady has been fined ten shillings at Eastbourne for committing an assault at a wedding by throwing rice and flour at the bride's mother. The Bench

Exogamy should turn out to be unfit for our daughters.

A gentleman writes to *The Daily Mail* to state that it is not a fact that Mr. CARTER, "the hairdresser to the Bar," never employed a foreigner: there used to be an old Pole at his shop. We seem to have heard of this Barber's Pole before.

A new cookery book, giving "365 seasonable dinners," purports to make provision for an entire year; but an anxious eater writes to point out that he presumes that a special edition will be published in Leap Years.

NATURE NOTES.

A. L. M.—The way to find out if the bee is mad or not is to offer it a drink. If it refuses it is mad and had better be killed. If it takes it you had better insure your life at once.

B. K.—If as you say the bird has not only built but hatched out in your hair, my advice is to visit the barber at once.

F. L. G.—The flower you send is not a scarlet pimpernel, as you suppose, but an *Orezy* daisy.

P. J. W.—It was stated the other day, after Yorkshire's opening match, that by giving one's hens HIRST's toffee they would lay duck's eggs; but I have not tried it.

K. F. A.—No, it is useless to plant a London back garden with rubber trees. Washing-poles are far more profitable.

Mrs. WIGGS.—I have had the cigar analysed. It is a pure cauliflower di Cuba.

H. H. T.—I wish you would not send live jumping things without putting some kind of warning on the outer wrapper. My heart has

always been weak, and to open a box and have a great frog leap out brings on palpitation.

"Another important by-product is malt-culms, the feeding properties of which have long since been known to the farmer, who uses them for milking cows, and ewes in the lambing season, which endorses the high opinion that experts have of such a malt food as a food for poultry, and it may be added that scientists state after experiment that the cow requires the same material to produce her eggs."—*Ormskirck Advertiser*.

However, it is rather a difficult subject and we must refer to it again later.

The World Missionary Conference publishes a "draft programme for Parallel Meetings in Glasgow." We always thought Parallels couldn't meet.



"VERY WELL THEN, STAY THERE!"

was no doubt anxious to prevent the introduction here of the quaint Irish custom of throwing rice mixed with shillelaghs at the bridegroom.

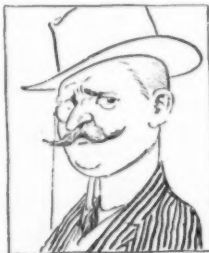
A German waiter, accused of obtaining money by false pretences, was said to have appeared at various dates as a man of many callings, including those of a doctor, a professor, a matrimonial agent, and a Baron. This bears out the old adage that Everything comes to him who waits.

It looks as if the libraries' boycott of flippant literature is at last having an effect on the publishers. Messrs. MACMILLAN, at any rate, are determined to take no risks, to judge by the title of a book they have just issued. We shall be surprised indeed if *Totemism and*

ADVERTISEMENT BY PERSONALITY.

COMPOSED BY THE PUBLISHER.

THE REGENERATION OF CORA MARIGOLD. By SAMUEL PIPPLESWICK.



Mr. Samuel Pippleswick is already a household word in two hemispheres, and his new work bids fair to extend his fame to the remaining third. In the realm of theological romance he has long reigned supreme, and his benevolent tyranny over the minds of the cultured million has been attended with countless spiritual boons. Never before has he asserted his dæmonic talent with such superlative force as in his new book, "The Regeneration of Cora Marigold." It is not only his longest but his strongest novel. Yet it may safely be placed in the hands of the most blasé man of the world, while no harm can possibly accrue from it to infants of less than two years old.

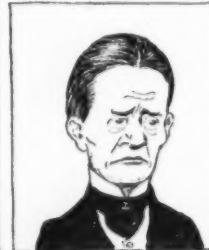
ON MY TEN TOES. By Uther Pelleas Baggs, author of "The Man with the Blue Chin," "A Sanctimonious Sinner," "In Quest of Crime," etc.

Uther Pelleas Baggs has long been a name to conjure with, but the magic of his genius has never been exerted with a more potent spell than in his latest creation, "On My Ten Toes," which has the freshness and fragrance of new-mown hay. In it Mr. Baggs transports his reader on his magic cloak from Battersea to Benares, from Clacton-on-Sea to Calcutta. In a word it is the work of a thorough artist who combines the demands of poetic justice with the relentless claims of realism, and for the reader who desires to steal a few hours' oblivion from mundane preoccupations no better soporific can be recommended than this bewitchingly sedative romance.



MR. Uther PELLEAS BAGGS.

"SELF-HELP FOR SMILES." By JONAH DOLDRUM, author of "The Silly Ass," "How to be Funny though Married," etc.



MR. JONAH DOLDRUM.

It has long been a commonplace among literary men that there are more laughs to the square inch in Jonah Doldrum's stories than in those of any other author living or dead. His stories are the favourite reading of the Ex-Sultan ABDUL HAMID, Lady Cook (*née* TENNESSEE CLAFLIN) and Mr. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., thus showing the wide humanity of his outlook. His new "Smiles," is one prolonged guffaw. But the work is not all comedy "The sense of tears in human things" occasionally emerges with poignant insistence, and amid the most breezy or facetious surroundings we are suddenly confronted with the horrors of elemental passion. In a word Mr. Doldrum has once more scored a resounding and prehensile success.

THE CONQUEST OF COWES. By ALFONSO DIGGLE.

As has been justly said, what Mr. HALL CAINE is to the

Isle of Man so is Mr. Alfonso Diggle to the Isle of Wight. His new story, "The Conquest of Cowes," is an account of the invasion of the island in question by a horde of Amazons from Dahomey, and tells how it was repelled by a corps of Girl Scouts. But the book is not all carnage. Amid the crash of arms and the rattle of Winchester repeaters is heard the tender pipe of sentiment, on which Mr. Diggle performs with a limpid bravura which is all his own.



MR. ALFONSO DIGGLE.

LITTLE MISS MEPHISTO. By HILARY BARDOLPH, author of "The Perfect Cure," "No Earthly Use," "The Wicked Week-Enders," etc.



MR. HILARY BARDOLPH.

Hilary Bardolph is already a veteran, having no fewer than forty-five novels to his credit. But he preserves the ingenuous charm of the eternal child, and his new story, "Little Miss Mephisto," is the sort of book which braces the fibre of a nation to nobler aims and doughtier deeds. The character of the heroine is a wonderful study of inhuman cruelty. Indeed the perusal of these thrilling pages accelerates respiration and keeps off somnolence. Finally the book is written in good grammatical English, with very few split infinitives, thus showing the author to be both well educated and fastidious.

JESSICA'S JAMBOREE. By JOSKIN VAMP, author of "Tiffany's Wedding," "Angels on Toast," etc.

Among the younger generation of penmen few have leaped to fame with a more confident stride than Joskin Vamp. He is the writer of five novels, each more vivid and vital than its predecessor. In the fifth, "Jessica's Jamboree," there is a subliminal religiosity in the conception of the hero which is little short of sublime. In a word Mr. Joskin Vamp has once more proved himself to be a benefactor of the deepest dye.



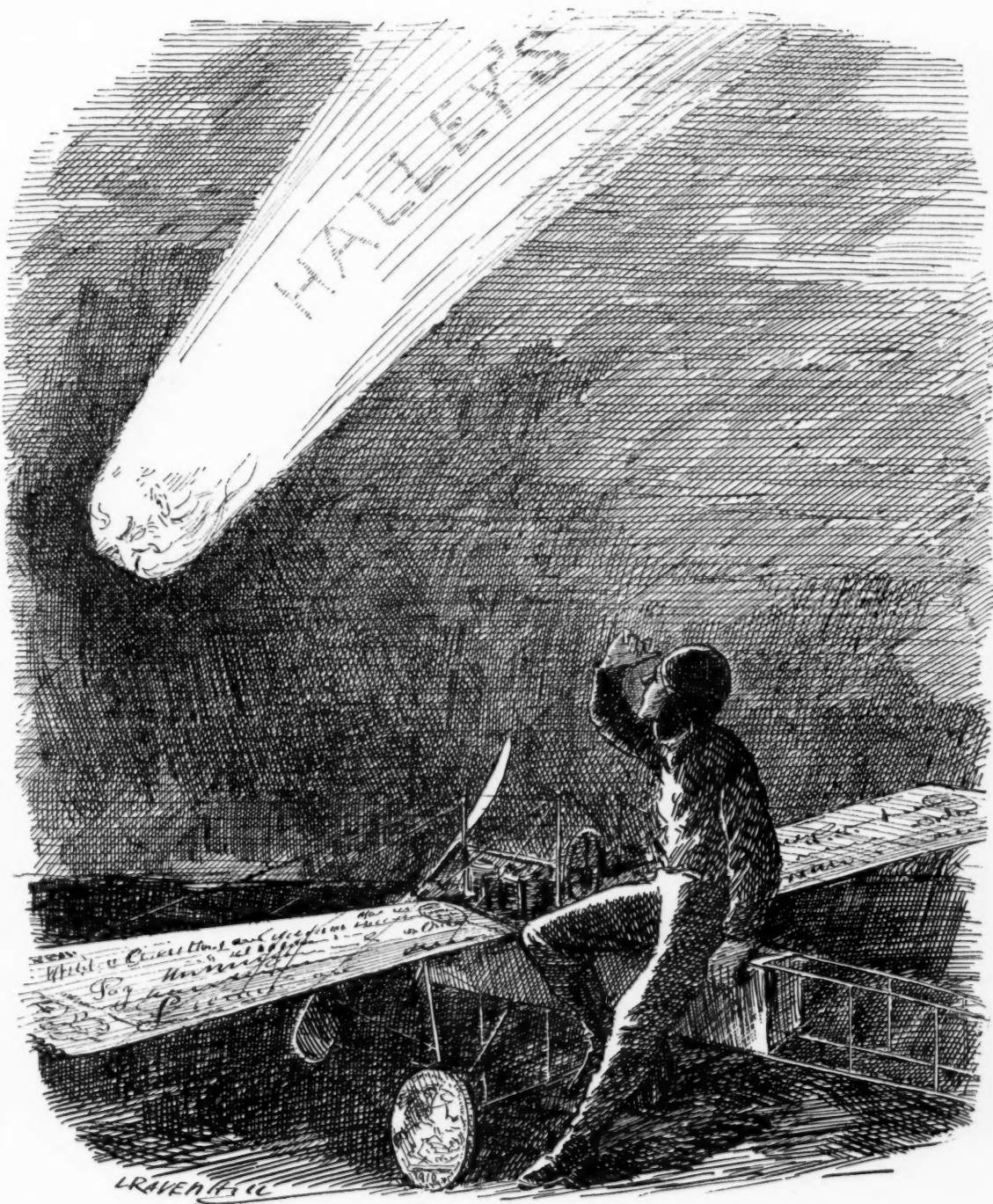
MR. JOSKIN VAMP.

DIANA THE SHE-DEVIL. By JULIAN DE VERE COONEY.



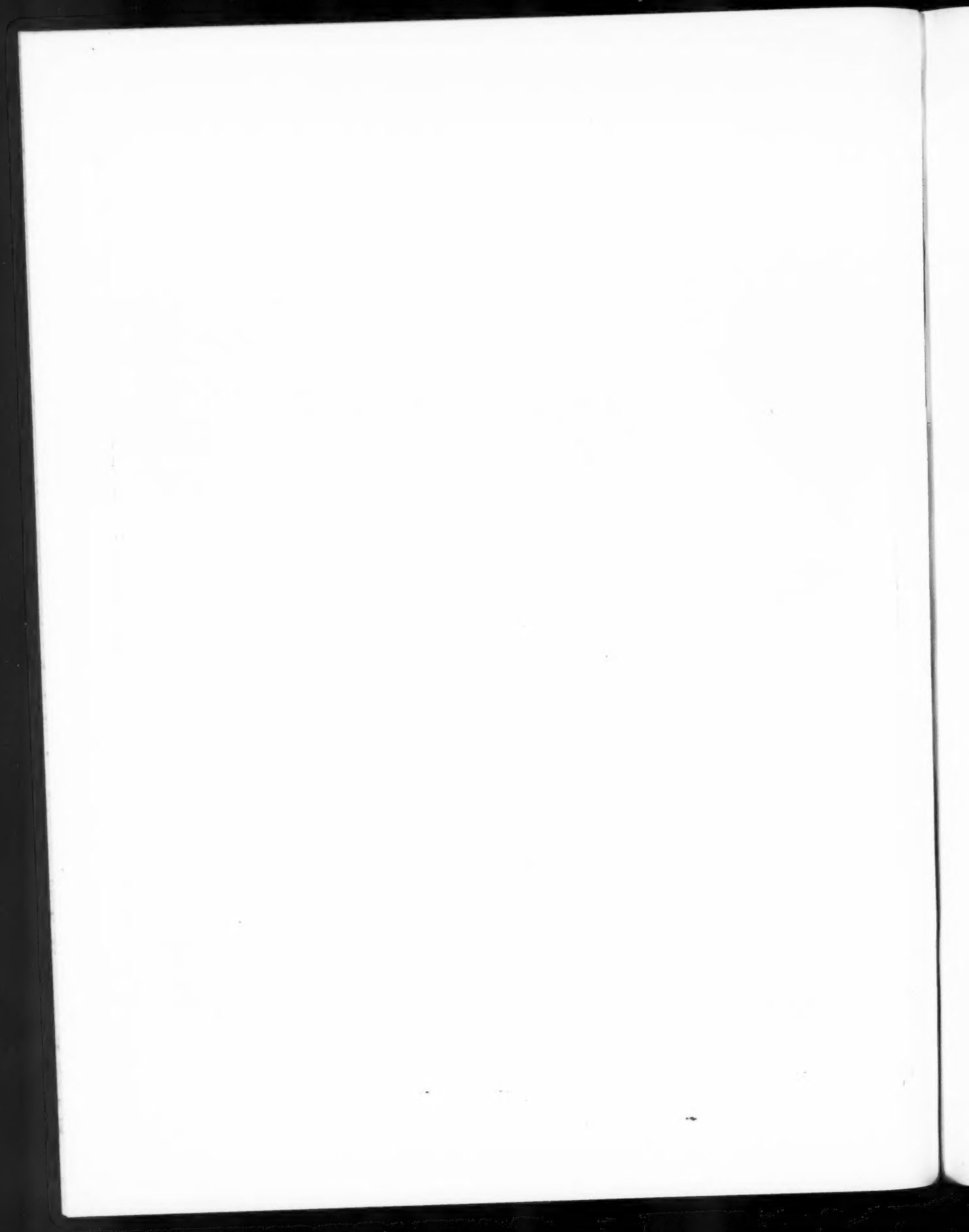
MR. JULIAN DE VERE COONEY.

Mr. Cooney's new novel—like all its predecessors, a novel with a purpose—is designed to expose the appalling wickedness of the fox-hunting set. "Diana the She-Devil" is the charming name of his new venture, which describes the conversion of the Master of the Pytheley Buckhounds from a career of unimaginable depravity to a life of self-sacrifice in the slums of Monte Carlo. It has been well said of him by his publisher's reader, "No writer since Juvenal is so superbly moral as Julian de Vere Cooney."



THE GREAT AMATEUR.

AVIATOR. "MARVELLOUS FLIER! AND DOES IT FOR LOVE!"





ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE. 1910.



HERODIAS OF HANGER HILL: A GOLFING ROMANCE. By ELSA PODDLE.

Miss Elsa Poddle has long been regarded as one of the most inspired delineators of ultra-smart society. Her new romance easily eclipses the steepest exploits of her rivals and will probably win for her the sobriquet of "Casanova Rediviva."

MISS ELSA PODDLE. A HOLY HORROR. By MESSALINA TIBBITTS, author of "A Saint in Cerise."

Miss Tibbitts had no reason to complain of the reception of her first book, "A Saint in Cerise." Her second venture, however, is a far more serious undertaking, and, being imbued with that subtle current of magnetism which is the sign-manual of genius, will electrify Bayswater and titillate Pimlico.



MISS MESSALINA TIBBITTS.

CHEOPS AND TOMATO SAUCE. By MARMION BRUMFIT.

Mr. Marmion Brumfit has written a superb historical romance of the days of Cheops, under the fascinating title of "Cheops and Tomato Sauce," and, as historical facts have been adhered to as much as possible, a wonderfully realistic notion is given of the Court life of a great Pyramid-builder, with all its splendour, ferocity and callous disregard for human life. Indeed Mr. Brumfit thinks that it is the finest thing he has done since "The Love Affairs of Cato of Utica."



MR. MARMION BRUMFIT.

EVE IN QUEST OF COPY.

A Warning to those with Literary and Artistic Lady Friends.

By A VICTIM.

LITTLE I thought as I frivelled with Vera,
And in her light atmosphere struggled to float,
That I should be potted in *Eve and her Era*,
And purchased (with pattern) for less than a groat!
My ball-room inanity
Labelled: *Man's Vanity*:—
Is he a Sane Enough Creature to Vote?

Little I knew when I nodded benignly
To Ruth (with the floor coming promptly to grips)
That she, as she sympathised, dimpling divinely,
Had mentally snapped me for *Snippity Snips!*
Sketching me afterwards,
Legs waving after-wards:—
Rinkery Revels; or, Percival Slips!

Little I dreamed when, a prey to my passion,
And seizing my chance while her chaperon dozed,
I pressed Helen's hand in no niggardly fashion,
Looked deep in her orbs and the incident closed,
That one so ethereal,
Hot on material,
Would move men to mirth with *How Percy Proposed!*

"In her evidence plaintiff said defendant swore 'by the liver of his father and mother'—a sacred oath."—*Evening Argus*.

It certainly should only be used on very special occasions.

"We send to you 3 lbs. of the finest tea in the world for P.O.O. for 5s.—that's all."—*Advt. in "The Scottish Chronicle."*
They might send you a banana as well.

The Wedding Breakfast.

COUPLE, getting married, WANT FISH and CHIPS."

Advt. in "Daily Dispatch."

A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

"You are hereby summoned," said the notice, "to attend and serve as a Juror in this Court, at the hour of eleven in the Forenoon upon the trial of any Action or Actions to be then and there tried by Jury; and in default of attendance you will be liable to a penalty of Five Pounds, under sect. 102 of the County Courts Act, 1888." So of course I went.

10.45. Though I have never been on a Jury before, I feel that it is as well to be punctual. Is this the County Court, policeman? Thank you. First come, first serve, is the juryman's motto. If I am sworn in for the opening action I may yet be down at the Oval for lunch.

10.55. Upstairs there seem to be a lot of jurymen about, most of them without collars; I wish I knew the etiquette. And where do I go now? Perhaps if I show somebody my summons . . . In there? Thank you very much . . . Oh, is this the dock? Thank you. Oh, yes, over there. Thanks.

11. In the jury box. Evidently I am very late. We are in the middle of the action, and I haven't taken an oath of any kind. I ask the juryman next to me for a rough synopsis or *résumé* of the case as far as it has gone, so that I can give a right and trusty verdict. He explains that our action hasn't begun yet, and that this one is being tried without jury. Most sensible—that's how all actions should be tried.

Having nothing else to do I listen to counsel. As far as I can make it out, "We" (by which, I take it, the little man in the wig means himself and his friends) have been unable to obtain reasonable access to the bathroom of our lodgings for the purposes of bathing, the landlady having pocketed the key of the same. No wonder we are annoyed. On the other hand, as the fat man in fancy dress rightly points out, "We" (meaning him and the landlady) have only locked the door between the hours of 11 A.M. and 8 P.M., the fact being that his learned friend was in the habit of washing his clothes in the bathroom. (*Disgraceful.*) We are only too delighted to allow him to bathe in the morning and at night, but it must be fair bathing.

His Honour thinks this reasonable.

The Little Man says he will undertake not to wash his clothes in the bathroom; but suppose he wanted a warm bath in the afternoon?

His Honour thinks that any reasonable man or woman might want a warm bath in the afternoon—say between three and four.

The Fat Man says that if his learned friend *really* wants a warm bath in the afternoon, say between three and four, he is prepared to allow access to the room for that hour.

His Honour thinks this noble.

The Little Man urges that he might possibly want his bath at five. (*True.*)

After much argument His Honour suggests 4.30 as a reasonable compromise. Agreed that the Little Man shall be allowed to bathe from 8 P.M. to 11 A.M. and from 3 P.M. to 4.30 P.M.

Now for our action.

11.45. We stand up in twos to take the oath. Having read all about germs I decide to kiss my thumb, instead of the book which I and the man next to me are holding together. In my nervousness, however, I kiss the other man's thumb. I hope he won't mind.

Before our case begins the usher announces that all the other actions have been settled out of court and that the rest of the jurors summoned are therefore dismissed. This is *very* annoying. If I had only come late enough I needn't have come at all. And they're just beginning at the Oval.

12.0. Matthew Pringle kept a small fishmonger's shop in Commercial Road. One day he was horrified, gentlemen, to see a motor car come into the shop. A week later, having recovered from the shock to his system, he estimated the damage as follows:

Damage to shop . . .	£20	0	0
Do. to fish . . .	2	0	0
Do. to bicycle (which was leaning against shop) . . .	5	0	0
Loss of business . . .	3	0	0

Total £30 0 0

I make a note of the figures and yawn, and wonder what on earth the defence can be.

12.45. Counsel for Defence is cross-examining. Roughly his line seems to be that the damage to shop was fourpence, damage to fish twuppence, damage to bicycle an improvement, and loss of business *nil*.

"Now take the fish," he says. "What sort of fish had you in the shop? Had you salmon?"

Mr. Pringle admits that he had no salmon.

"No salmon, gentlemen," Counsel says to us scornfully.

It occurs to me that salmon was out of season at the time of the accident, but as it doesn't seem to occur to anybody else I say nothing.

Counsel continues. Under relentless cross-examination witness confesses that he had also no sturgeon, red mullet, trout, octopuses, whales, sardines, or dog-fish in his shop at the time of the accident.

"Well, what *had* you got?" asks Counsel, absolutely at a loss.

"There was kippers and—"

"Kippers!" sneers the Defence.

Having had a couple of kippers for breakfast that very morning, I resent the sneer and decide to give a verdict for the plaintiff.

2.30. We have adjourned for lunch and resumed, and are still at it. I expected to be locked up and given lunch at the expense of the county, but had to go out and pay for it in the usual way. The Defence is now concentrating on the bicycle, which is in court. Counsel is prepared to admit that it is a bicycle, but produces an engineering expert (without a collar) to tell the whole truth about its past.

"You see that—*bicycle*?" Counsel says contemptuously, as if it had had no right ever to have been a bicycle. Certainly it doesn't look much like one now.

"I do."

"And for how much would you be prepared to mend it?"

"'Arl-a-crown." (*Sensation.*) "And I'd give 'im a new one as good as that was for five shillings." (*More sensation.*)

3.30. The man next to me is very conscientious. He has been putting down all the figures in the case. As I feel that I have been rather inattentive, I ask him to let me refresh my memory by studying them. After all, I *have* kissed his thumb, so we are not altogether strangers.

He has added them all up so as to save me bother.

Fish in shop . . .	250
Breadth of road at scene of accident . . .	27ft.
Gear of bicycle . . .	84
Average cos. of kip per . . .	1d.
Number of motor . . .	LC 97896
Train I want to catch . . .	4.6 p.m.

Total damage . LC 98262.6 fdupm.

"Thanks very much," I said, "but I doubt if you catch your train."

4.15. We retire. We are all very indignant. One stout bald man explains that he was going to have been married or christened or something this afternoon, and now he has missed it. He must try again to-morrow. We are all agreed that it is perfectly wicked that a whole day should be wasted in this manner. We are all busy men. I am (I say) a particularly busy man. "Plaintiff, of course?" says the bald man casually. Of course. "Damages? He claims thirty—say twenty-five?" Our confidence in the bicycle being a little shaken, we all say twenty-five with alacrity.

4.30. Justice is done. But it is too late now to go to the Oval. A. A. M.

ROYAL ACADEMY. SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Photographer. "NOW STEADY, AND ALL LOOK PLEASANT" (185).



Lady in the Corner. "I KNOW IT MUST BE VERY DISTURBING TO HAVE ALL THESE PEOPLE DROPPING IN WHILE YOU'RE DOING MY PICTURE. BUT, NOW THEY ARE HERE, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL PAINT THEM" (484).



The Bathers. "OH, I DO WISH HE'D GO AWAY AND LET US GET AT OUR CLOTHES!" (325).



MISS —, THE WELL-KNOWN CLASSICAL DANCER, SAYS: "YOUR TOOTH-STUFF IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT" (603).



EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY. BLIND MAN'S BUFF, OR HOW BABY D'SCOVERED THE SIGNATURE (746).



FROM THE GEM ROOM—THE LITTLE WIFE-BEATER (543).



GOLF IN THE TROPICS: A HOT FINISH (167).



THIRST (213).



SITTING OUT A DANCE AT A FANCY DRESS BALL (379).



A BOON TO ARTISTS. SUGGESTED SKELETON SCHEME FOR PORTRAITS OF NEW PEERS.

"T. P." AMONG THE POETS.

THE gentleman who dispenses "Literary Help" in *T. P.'s Weekly* was recently asked by "B. (York)" to criticise an original musical setting of Canto cxxx. of "In Memoriam." By a stroke of superb luck the poet's name was omitted from the score, with the following captivating result:—

"I do not know whether the verses are original, but I have been wondering what the song is all about. The song says 'I cannot guess,' and I am inclined to agree. I do not catch the meaning of 'Though mix'd with God and nature thou,' and there is apparently a syllable missing in the line 'I have thee and I rejoice' at the foot of page 4."

It is when our Literary Helpers thus fail us—and delight us—that we realise that we have not lived in vain. The missing syllable, by-the-by, is "still." Perhaps the critic will turn to his *Tennyson*, and, applying a wet towel to his head, try to get a glimmering of the crystal meaning of four of the most beautiful stanzas ever written.

Meanwhile we shall look confidently in our *T. P.* for the following:—

H. (Lincoln).—Your blank verse is undoubtedly blank. Let me tell you once for all that to invert the true order of words is not poetry, though too many tyros think it is. You begin:—

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our
woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse . . ."

Now, there are two glaring faults here. One is to begin with a preposition, which no good writer would do, and the other to be so long in coming to the point. The point is that the heavenly muse is invoked to sing of all these things; but if you count the words before we arrive at that invitation you will see that there are thirty-eight. How much better to have begun, "Sing, heavenly muse," and so forth.

M. H. (Brighton).—Your lines are not altogether bad. I like the description of the marigold as going to bed with the sun; it is pretty and poetical. And the epithet "bold" for oxlips is good, and "pale" for primroses—undoubtedly they are pale.

"Violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"

is far-fetched; but there is a certain courage in it. But what to make of

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty,"

I cannot think. What does "take" mean? Surely it is a misprint, but I cannot imagine for what. How can

you take a wind with beauty? You can take a walk, you can take a cup of tea, you can take cold; but how can you take a wind with beauty? This is, of course, if not a misprint, sheer affectation, and I advise you to discontinue it.

Lastly you write:

"Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks
And death's pale flag is not advanced there,"

This will never do. "Ensign" is far too technical: "banner" would be better. Then "crimson" is a crude and violent word. The last line doesn't scan. Besides, you don't "advance" a flag; you hoist it.

TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

[Witness. "He is under the L.C.C."]

Judge Bacon. "What is that?"

Witness. "The London County Council."

Fragrant from a case in the Whitechapel
County Court.]

So different from the elder BACON

Whose cryptograms were horrid hard
(And thus his verses got mistaken

For those of BILL—a minor bard),

The namesake of that nimble beak

Repudiates the verbal freak,

He will not have the language shaken,

The wells of English marred.

To him abbreviated titles

Are crude as crimson to a bull,

He stipulates for long recitals

Because they are so beautiful;

The *nom de guerre* or name for short

Annoys him like a legal tort;

Contractions corrugate his vitals

And nicknames warp his wool.

Suppose a felon, forced by famine

To pilfer crumpets for his tea,

Were brought before him to examine,

How pained his gentle heart would be

To hear that solecistic use,

Whereby, in circles sadly loose,

A shop for eating bread and jam in

Is called an A.B.C.

Where other men would come a cropper

By asking how to reach the Zoo,

He'd buttonhole the nearest copper

And bid him state a case (or two)

On travelling by the Underground

To Regent's Park (the Northward

bound),

And bridle (as is only proper)

At words like Bakerloo.

Then, England, while you have such
judges

The *toupet* and the robe to don,

Whoever fakes, whoever fudges,

The law shall not be put upon;

'Tis men like these in every sphere

Who still uphold by acts sincere

The British flag that never budges,

The glorious Union John.

EVOE.

A VISIT TO MR. PUNCH'S FARM.

WE feel bound to say that of all our adventures in the wider journalism—and we have gone pretty far afield at times—none has been crowned with so conspicuous a success as the sporting enterprise of *Mr. Punch's Farm*. Nothing has pleased us so much as the triumph of our now famous fifteen acres. It is no small achievement to have revolutionised British agriculture—as we claim to have done—in the course of a couple of years; and you can have no idea how jolly it is to feel that we are landed proprietors. There is always a pleasant stir and bustle in the office when rent-day comes round.

But the farm has proved its value—quite incidentally, you will understand—in yet another way. And this is the beauty of it. It furnishes us with a continuous supply of first-class copy. Of course we feel some compunction in exploiting the farm in this manner. But what would you have? We cannot bring ourselves to disappoint the burning curiosity of our readers. Nothing goes quite so well as a little column of accounts. Our readers love to know the cost of the garden rake, and to deduct it from the price that was obtained for the Brussels sprouts. They discuss all the bearings of the fact that sixpence each is allowed for empty superphosphate bags, if returned in good condition. It is our claim—and we are justly proud of it—that our fifteen acres provide food not only for the body but for the mind.

Last Tuesday our representative dropped in quite unexpectedly. He has lodgings in the village, as we found this cheaper and more satisfactory than always paying for railway tickets. He remarked, to his surprise, that it was washing day, and noted the fact, of obvious interest to all small holders, that the amount of soap used for the wash should depend not so much on the heat of the water as on the number of the clothes. In spite of the bustle incidental upon this weekly festival there were already several visitors on the premises. Our cattle expert was measuring the new calf with a tape, and a high official of the Beekeepers' Association might be seen delicately skirmishing round the hive with what looked like a toasting-fork. The Simple-Life reporter was knocking off a poem under the apple tree, and a market-gardener, specially imported from Holland, was grubbing about with a note-book in the potato-patch. Our tenant's wife complained of being short-handed, as one of the photographers had turned up without an appointment, and the children were being taken in a group round the pump. While I was waiting, writes our representative, a parcel arrived from



A PROBLEM IN SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

"I SAY, LAURA, WHEN YOU MEET A FRIEND AS 'AS 'AD MORE THAN IS GOOD FER 'IM, OUGHT YER TO BOW?"

the station which proved to be a new handle for the turnip-cutter. You will remember that I pointed out in my last report that a flaw had been discovered in the old one, and anticipated that some steps would have to be taken shortly.

Our tenant was at last discovered watering the honeysuckle at the gate. "Hullo!" he remarked. "Here we are again."

"Yes," said I. "Anything new?"

"Sparrer's nest in the water-spout," he replied without looking up; "put it down."

Taking a note of this new instance of the alarming increase of the sparrow pest in rural England, I proceeded to put a few leading questions to our tenant, according to my custom.

"Do you really think that we have succeeded in proving to the world at large that old pasture is not necessary for cows, or is it all spook?"

Our tenant grinned.

"It must be a satisfaction to you that the accounts continue to show a balance on the right side."

Our tenant winked.

We were interrupted at this point by the arrival of the poultry expert with

his egg-testing apparatus. Our tenant flung down his watering-can and picked up his coat, and I had only time for a final question.

"What do you intend to do at the termination of your lease?"

"I'm looking out," he replied firmly and calmly, "for a bit o' land on a desert island."

Answer to Correspondent.

"DISTRICT PASSENGER."—You complain that "neither of the platforms at Earl's Court station—that most popular of junctions—contains a single timetable of the Wimbledon service." We think you are hard to please. The Directors have very generously studied the convenience of passengers: they have provided them with two tobaccoshops, and a quarter of a dozen establishments for the sale of nougat, and you have no right to expect more than this from any railway company.

"Seven Signets were hatched in the Lawn, Dawlish, yesterday morning."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

To be less technical, seven seals were born.

DANS LE MOUVEMENT.

[An entire French garden, soil as well as plants, has been moved from Reading to Birmingham.]

Why Pay Rent? The International Removal Association can save you this recurring annoyance. Write for full particulars to our House-Shifter Department. Confidently recommended for Irish peasantry. Secrecy. Rapidity. Telegrams—"QUARTER DAY, London."

Are you a Duke? Do you suffer from Unearned Increment? We can move your town residences into the country cleanly and cheaply. Communications received in strict confidence.

Our Rus in Urbe Department (no connection with the Fresh Air Fund) brings air from all the principal health resorts to your door at a nominal charge. "A Revolution in Town Life"—*vide Press.*

Frontiers extended. Rivers deflected. Inland Oceans laid out at reasonable rates (we lately carried some of the North Sea into the Interior of Germany for secret naval manoeuvres). Coast erosions arranged on commission. Volcanic eruptions a speciality.



"INTELLIGENCE" DEPARTMENT.

Company Officer. "IN WHICH DIRECTION CAN YOU SEE FURTHEST?"

Promising Recruit. "THE WAY I LOOKS!"

DIMINUENDO IN FOUR BARS.

I.—AT THE AGE OF TEN.

The Written Word.

"Master William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Brown to a dance on January 1st."

The Underlying Thought.

Buns; lemonade; trifle; more lemonade; possibly even ices; at any rate more lemonade. With decent luck, something in the food line to take away with me at the end. Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!

II.—AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.

The Written Word.

"William Porterhouse, Esquire, has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Robinson to a dance on February 2nd."

The Underlying Thought.

First-class rag; top-hole supper, with champagne in buckets; all the prettiest girls in the county; band sure to play "Kiss Me and Get It Over"

waltz. I shall be all over it, and may even cadge a day's ferreting off old Robinson to end up with. Hooray! Hooray!!

III.—AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

The Written Word.

"Mr. William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Jones to a dance on March 3rd."

The Underlying Thought.

SHE will be there. Hooray!

IV.—AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

The Written Word.

"Mr. William Porterhouse has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mrs. Smith to a dance on April 4th."

The Underlying Thought.

S'pose I must. D—.

"Scotchman wishes to meet German for improvement in respective languages."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Both languages need it.

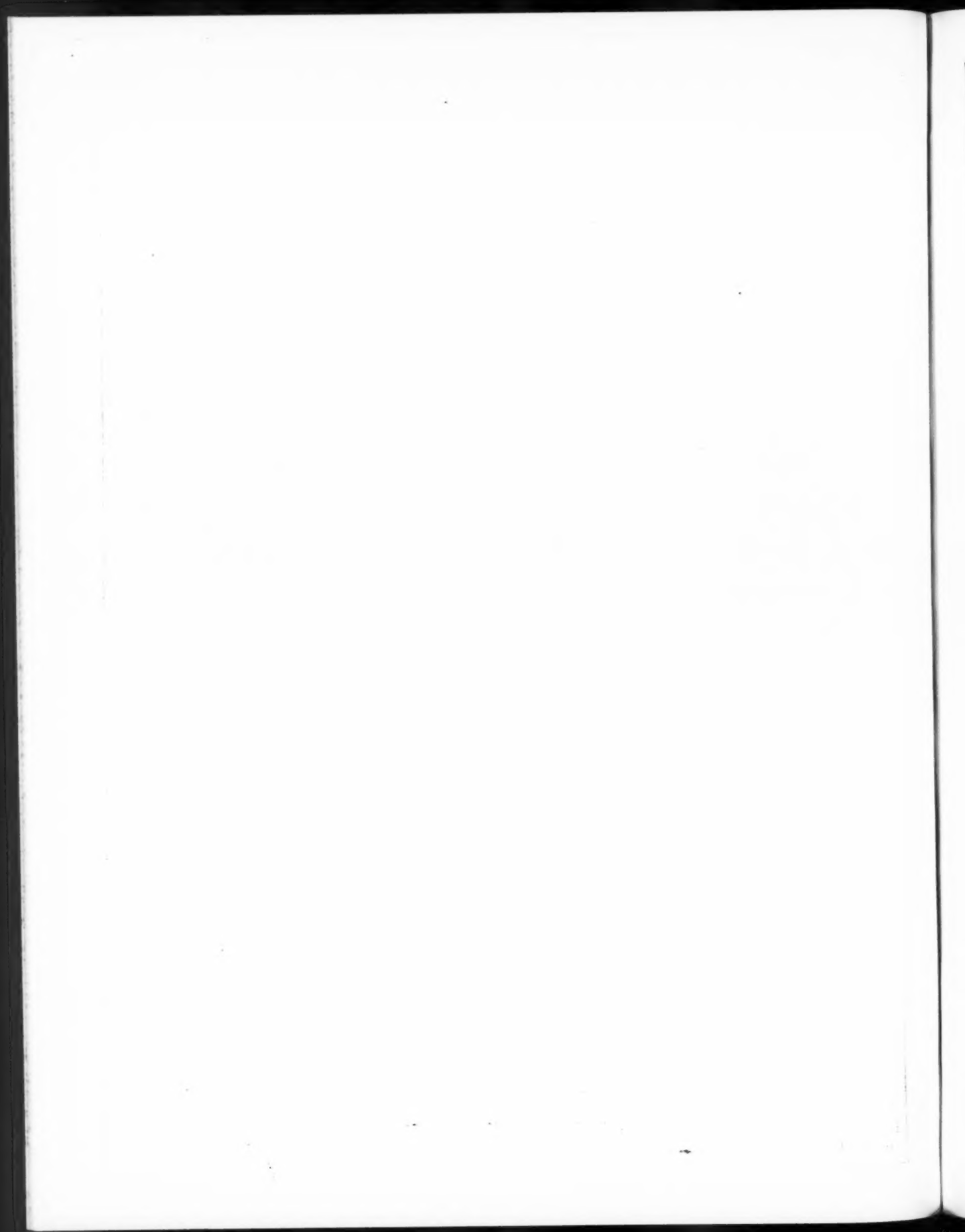
SPRING SALMON.

It's oh, but I'm dreaming
Of grey water streaming,
Great rivers that go gleaming
Where brown the heather blows,
Ere May's southern graces
Rub out the last white traces
From high and mountain places
Of stubborn, storm-packed snows!
The chill wind that searches
The low-lying birches,
The old red grouse that perches
And swaggers in the sun,
I'm fain for its blowing,
I'm restless for his crowing,
And it's I that would be going
Where the Spring salmon run!
And oh, were they bulking
Bright silver, or sulking—
In the snow-broth a-skulking,
I would care not at all,
I'd hear the falls ringing,
I'd see the pine-tops swinging
In a wind that's filled with singing
When the green plover call!

TOPICAL SONG:—Ta - rubber - boom - de - ay.



THE SHIP OF STATE: A NEW EMPRISE.





AN ADDED TERROR.

A prominent Motoring journal announces that the touring department of the R. A. C. is arranging a scheme to supply motorists in touring centres such as Cornwall, etc., with guides well acquainted with the local objects of interest.

TOURISTS IN THE DISTRICTS MENTIONED—ESPECIALLY DRIVERS—HAVE MR. PUNCH'S SYMPATHY.

THE JOKE WITHOUT A POINT.

THERE was once a Joke. And the point of it was that it had no point; so that everybody could see it as well as his neighbour.

It was hatched by a Cynic with an established reputation for saying funny things. But the Cynic was furious with the world because it refused to take him seriously, regarding him as a Humorist and not as a Philosopher. So he determined to have his revenge, and hatched the Joke.

He let it loose upon the Town at a frigidly calculated moment, and it was received uproariously. It went the round of the Clubs, and no dinner-party was complete without it. After a time not to have heard it was to argue oneself on the wrong side of the Fringe. People were now more convinced than ever that the Cynic was a prince of Humorists; but the Cynic only laughed in his sleeve, now the left and now the right; which

was bad for the fit of his clothes. At the summit of its success it was told to a young Colonial at one of the greatest gatherings of the Season. It was told to him within the hearing of a galaxy of distinguished men and women. They had all heard it before, and they now crowded round to see how the new arrival would take it. In anticipation of an accident, a young doctor was in attendance; many were prepared to see the Colonial leave the room on an ambulance.

But a strange thing happened. Not only did he fail to see the Joke, but he said so.

They told it him again and again, and still he didn't see it. He even asked them to explain it to him. Gently and with due consideration for his Colonial disabilities they explained that it was one of those Jokes that could not be explained; you either saw it or you didn't. "But what is there to see?" he asked.

They could not answer that, and they gazed at one another in embarrassment. Then one of them, whether stricken in his conscience or out of pure courtesy, confessed that he never had seen anything in it; and several others reluctantly testified to the same effect. To clear the matter up it was resolved to send a deputation to the Cynic. A select few of the bolder spirits waited upon him in the small hours of the morning and stated their case. The Cynic regarded them with a malevolent smile, and slowly answered:—

"The point of it was that it had no point. I made it like that on purpose. The Joke was mine. Good night."

The Cynic achieved part at least of his desire, for he ceased to be accepted as a Humorist. But when he found that he was no longer received in the best houses his philosophic stock-in-trade dwindled to nothing. So he became merely a Cynic; which is a dog's life.

TEMPORARY INSANITY.

I PICKED up the receiver and put it to my ear.

"Number, please."

"Double it, add seven——"

"Number, please."

"What are the Mayfairs like this morning?"

"I don't know what you're saying."

"Never mind. I think I'll have a Gerald. They're always safe."

"Gerald—what number?"

"Well, if I take a thousand, will you——"

"What?"

"I said a thousand—the number one followed by no fewer than three 0s."

"One 0 double 0, you mean."

"Very well," I said resignedly.

There was a pause. Then,

"We have no such number."

"Well," I said, "can you get it me?"

"I tell you there's no such number."

"What's the nearest you've got?"

"What?"

"What about one double 0 one?"

"Gerald one double 0 one."

There was another pause. Then,

"Hullo," said somebody.

"Hullo."

"Who is that?"

"What's your number?" said I.

"What number do you want?"

"Yours. What is it?"

"One double 0 one."

"That's right. Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

There was a choking noise in the distance and then I listened for a quarter of a minute while he was rude. When he had finished,

"I say," I said, "you do know some awful ones. Where were you at school?"

After stating on oath his failure to see what it had to do with me, he said he had been at Eton.

"Ah," I said, "I thought I knew your face. I was at Blundell's too."

"Eton, you fool," he roared.

"Where?"

"Eton," he yelled.

"Ah. It's a rotten word to roar, isn't it? One can't get hold of the E somehow."

"I'd give something to get hold of your throat."

"You haven't even told me where you are yet," I said reproachfully.

Again he lapsed into irrelevancy, and it was only after dealing viciously with my whereabouts, present and future, that he answered that he was at South Audley Street.

"South Audley Street," I said; "what makes you think that?"

The noise he made in putting back the receiver was almost indecent.

After half-an-hour with the Post-Office and Telephone directories I found him.

have received information which leads us——"

"Troubled!" indignantly broke in the Major,—"troubled! I've been insulted—insulted not half-an-hour ago by a blithering fool——"

"Blithering, yes, Sir. Can you describe him at all besides his being blithering?"

"How can I describe him, man, when I've never seen the fool?"

"Do you think you'd know his voice if you heard it again, Sir?"

He thought on oath that he would.

"You can't tell me at all what he was wearing, Sir, what sort of hat——"

"How the devil can I tell you what hat——"

"Squash hat, yes, Sir."

A hollow groan was the only rejoinder.

"Well, Sir, if he should trouble you again, Sir, if you just ring up four double four five four Central and ask for me——"

"All right," he said wearily.

Ten minutes later I was on to him again.

The expletive that he used as he put the receiver to his ear was a bald and rugged one.

"Yes," he said savagely.

"I say," I said in my natural voice, "it was Eton where you were, wasn't it?"

He gave a roar like a wild beast in answer and began jabbing the hook thing up and down like a maniac.

"Exchange," he yelled, "Exchange, four double four five four Central—quick. Exchange——"

I dropped into the Club in the afternoon and went to the telephone.

"I say, Exchange," I said, "can you tell me if there's

such a number as four double four five four Central?"

"Just a minute, please."

I waited. Then,

"Yes, it's the advertising department of Motor Goggles, Limited. Shall I get them for you?"

"No, thanks," I said hurriedly; "I expect they've been bothered enough to-day."

"It is with joy I received news the other day of a new handkerchief which has appeared on the horizon, the handkerchief dainty, fine, and such as fastidious womankind has to pay through the nose for."—Black and White.

This seems all right.



THE HERBACEOUS BOARDER.
A VISION OF SUMMER ON THE MARINE PARADE.

South Audley Street is not so very long. Then I took up the receiver and asked for Gerald one double 0 one.

"Damn the 'phone," said a voice I recognised. "Yes."

I answered in an assumed voice and threw all the officiousness I could into my tones.

"Excuse me, Sir, but are you Major Horsehair?"

"I am."

"I'm the inspector on duty at Bow Street."

"Where?"

"Bow Street, Sir. I've rung up to know if you've been troubled by anyone on the telephone this morning. We

A HARDY ANNUAL.

"You look very tired," I said.
 "Yes," he replied, with a sigh. "But I shall get some rest now. It is all over for a while."

"What is over?" I asked.

"My work," he said. "It does not begin again with any seriousness till next February; but it goes on then till April with terrific vigour." He pressed his hand to his brow.

"May I know what it is?" I inquired.

"Of course," he said. "I name pictures for the Exhibitions. The catalogues are full of my work. Here, for example, is one of my most effective titles: 'Cold flows the Winter River.' Not bad, is it?"

I murmured something.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking," he replied. "You're thinking that it is so simple that the artist could have done it himself without my assistance. But there you're mistaken. They can't. They can just paint a picture—some of them—and that's all. You've no idea . . . Well, well."

"Really," I said.

"Yes," he continued; "it's so. Now turn on. Here's another of mine, 'It was the Time of Roses.' That sounds easy, no doubt; but, mark you, you have not only to know it—to have read Hood—but—and this is the secret of my success—to remember it at the right moment." He almost glittered with pride. "Turn on," he said. 'East and West.' That's a subtle thing. Why 'East and West'? you say. And then you see it's an English girl—the West—holding a Japanese fan—the East. But I'm not often as tricky as that. A line of poetry is always best; or a good descriptive phrase, such as 'Rivals,' 'Awaiting Spring's Return,' 'The Forest Perilous,' 'When Nature Sleeps,' 'The Coming Storm,' 'Sunshine and Shadow,' 'Waiting,' 'The Farmer's Daughter,' 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.'"

He paused and looked at me.

"They all sound fairly automatic," he went on; "but that's a blind. They want doing. You know the saying, 'Hard writing makes easy reading'; well, it's the same with naming titles. You think it's nothing; but that's only because it means real work."

Again he held his head, this time with both hands.

"That last title," I said, "'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.' Surely I've heard that before."

"Very likely," he said. "But so far as I was concerned it was new. That is to say, it came to me spontaneously. The artist set the picture before me



Country Vicar (visiting a family where a child has scarlet fever). "I suppose you keep him well isolated?"

"LOR BLESS YOU, SIR, YES. HE KEEPS BEHIND THAT CLOTHES-HORSE, AND DON'T COME AMONG US BUT FOR MEALS."

and waited expectantly. I looked at it, and made my mind a blank—that is my usual procedure—and this title came into it: 'A Haunt of Ancient Peace.' I don't know how to explain the gift—uncanny, no doubt. Kind friends have called it genius. But there it is."

"I hope the financial results are proportionate," I said.

"Ah," he replied, "not always. But how could they be? It's not only the expense of getting to the studios—taxis,

and so forth—but the mental wear and tear. Still, I manage to live. Good-bye."

"Mr. J. McAuley, who at the termination of the lecture entered the room, in proposing a vote of thanks to the fair lecturer said that he had never listened to a more practical or able lecture."—*Kerry Evening Post*.

This was probably true, if Mr. McAULEY always delays his entrance till the psychological moment at the end of the lecture.

AT THE PLAY.

"CHAINS."

I HAD always kept a warm corner of sympathy in my selfish heart for the dull routine of those who drag out their lives on office stools in the City. I had imagined that

"The noisy laugh
And ill-bred chaff
Of clerks on omnibuses"

was only a brave bluff designed to veil the thwarted ambition of adventurous souls. But I was wrong and my sympathy wasted; for I gather from ELIZABETH BAKER's play that these poor slaves actually hug their "chains." You cannot persuade them to throw up a safe thing for the risk of enterprise in the open. Anyhow, the dashing intrepidity of *Fred Tennant*, who is resolved to break loose and try Australia, seems to have staggered his fellow-clerks. "Have you heard about Tennant's new departure?" says someone. "What, is he going to be married?" they all cry, conceiving of nothing else that could be expected to cause a convulsion in his ordered existence. When the thrilling truth comes out, they are divided in opinion; some holding him to be a madman, others a hero; but all agreeing that he is something *hors ligne*. Only one of his fellows, *Charlie Wilson*, is so bitten by his example that he is determined to follow it; but he is married, and this is another and more deadly "chain." All his wife's family, with a single exception, support her tears and regard him as an

unfeeling brute. So the thing must be done secretly. He will make a show of starting for the office, and join *Tennant's* ship at Plymouth. Then comes a stroke of *force majeure*; his wife announces that he is about to be a father. The blow goes home, and he sallies forth to his toil, in silk hat and frock coat, a doomed man, destined to wear his "chains" for ever and ever.

I am not sure that I much care for this intervention of fate; but I cordially admire the author's courage in employing it for the further confusion of her original text. There are chains which are the handiwork of society, and there are those which are nature's, but it seems a mistake to confound the two kinds in one and the same homily. For the argument seems to be that

the deliverance of his soul is stiffish work for a clerk without complications; for a married clerk it is appreciably harder; for a clerk who is not only married but lies under the threat of fatherhood it is hopeless. There may be a moral in all this, but it looks bad for the census.

However, moral or no moral, Miss BAKER has handled her *milieu* with an extraordinary sense of reality, to which the whole cast most loyally responded. It was not to be anticipated that a middle-class suburban atmosphere, properly unrelieved by farce, should afford much scope for humour; and the audience greedily seized on what spasmodic fun there

faintly recalled to me, *Chains* was designed to show the need of medicine for a social evil. But, once again, no good prescription was vouchsafed. There was little to show that the Colonial experiment, even if it was to be crowned with success, would entail less chain-work in the process. And there is much to be said for the contention that a bird in the hand is worth two in the Australian Bush. What was needed was not so much a plea for emigration as a demand for more colour and broader intellectual ideals in the hum-drum, third-rate existence which this play so admirably reproduces.

As ROBERT BROWNING says in *Shop*:

"I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song (r, l, a, y, m, u, t, e,
Blows out his brains upon the
flute!"

If Miss BAKER had it on her chest to present us with the social problem of clerkhood, she might have claimed our better gratitude by suggesting a remedy that should begin at home—and stay there.

O. S.

Snubbed.

"Halley's comet was visible in the eastern heavens for the first time this morning. The Government Astro-mer stated however, that no official cognisance had been taken of its arrival."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

If the comet has any spirit it will go back again.

Extract from letter of a native clerk in India: "Humbly request leave of absence in that I have been sadly bereaved of a friend's wife."

Fashionable Intelligence.

"The many friends of Cedric Toughy will be glad to learn that he is improving very favourably from a severe illness and will soon be able to return to school."—*The Daily Colonist* (Victoria, B.C.)

School is a desert without TOUGHY.

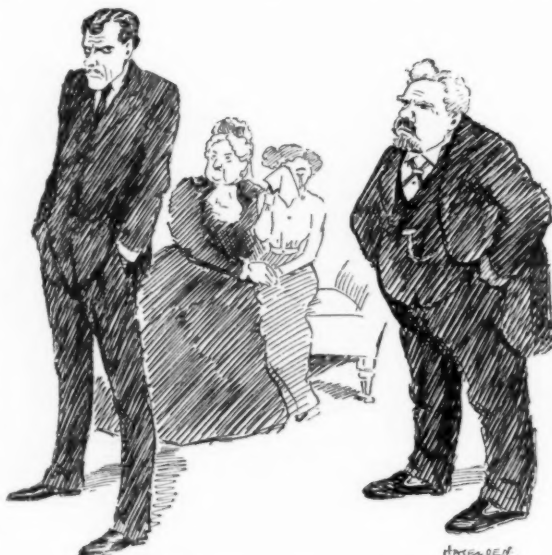
"In Salisbury, Rhodesia, last year there was only one day without sunshine."—*Daily Pacer*. That must have been the day we had it here.

Intuition.

"'Old and New Japan' . . . is written by Mr. George Lynch, whose knowledge of Japan comes from within."—*Daily Express*.

The Slump in Art.

"Splendid pianola, prime cost 50 gs. Take pictures, prime cost 50 gs. or 20s. cash." *Exchange and Mart*.



THE PRISONER AND THREE OF HIS CHAINS.

Charlie Wilson...	Mr. DENNIS EADIE.
Alfred Massey (father-in-law) ...	Mr. EDMUND GWENN.
Mrs. Massey (mother-in-law) ...	Miss FLORENCE HAYDON.
Lily Wilson (wife) ...	Miss HILDA TREVELYAN.

was. I could wish that this had not included the apparent attempt to raise a laugh over the singing of "Abide with Me," a hymn which must at any time, and especially now, have its sacred associations. One other particular flaw I have to find in an excellent play. It was *Lily Wilson's* method of informing her husband that a child was to be born to them. It took one back to *John Halifax, Gentleman* and the false shame of mid-Victorian times. Surely we are clean-minded enough by now to treat such matters, even in fiction and on the stage, with the frankness which nature demands and the decencies of actual life approve.

I suppose that, like that other Repertory play of the imprisoned clerk, which Mr. DENNIS EADIE's acting



Mother (instructing little daughter to peel potatoes). "BE CAREFUL TO GET THE EYES OUT, BIDDY. I ONCE KNOW'D OF A SWORD-SWALLOWER AS WAS CHOKED WIV THE EYE OF A TATER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE ought to be a statutory limit to the competence of heroes. *Raimbaut of Vacqueiras* was the most inspired and sweetest-voiced troubadour of his contemporary Provence; that much is permissible. He was also the most handsome youth of his time; that, too, may be forgiven him. He was a knight infallible and invincible in the joust; here is matter for complaint. He was further a model of chaste demeanour, not to be led astray by amorous châtelaines, proof against the open offers of *Bellisenda*, most attractive of them all; the thing is becoming intolerable. Add to all this the last remaining virtue of modesty, intense almost to the point of oppressiveness, and you have a grave public scandal, a crying need for a redistribution of merits. For the rest, I found *The Severed Mantle* (METHUEN) a charming book. Its plot, based on the paragon's search for the perfect love, is too vague to summarise, and not sufficiently memorable to reproduce *in extenso*. The author in his preface as good as confesses that he thinks little better of it than I. What we both like so much is its theme. "I have tried," says WILLIAM LINDSEY, "to picture Provence in the time of the troubadours, to show the land of the nightingale and rose

when Idealism reigned supreme, with Love, Joy and Song her counsellors." He has succeeded, say I. Indeed, he carried me body and soul into France and Italy of the twelfth century, and left me thinking of Avignon and Ventimiglia as homes of music, the tourney and romance, instead of tiresome stations where officials wake me up to demand my ticket or my keys.

Many books have been written recalling pilgrimages in the footsteps of CHARLES DICKENS and some of his immortal creations. In *Rambles with an American* (MILLS AND BOON) CHRISTIAN TEARLE has achieved the distinction of producing one of the worst. Had he been content to tread the old familiar ways, more or less modestly describing his impressions, it would have been exacting to expect anything new; but the book might have been devoid of irritation. Mr. TEARLE invents the machinery of a pert, self-satisfied London solicitor and a client from Chicago, "whose countenance, though remotely suggestive of the Red Indian type, was refined and gracious; his more than fifty winters have dried him up rather than aged him, and his tall form was spare and willowy." This person, who apparently cannot be described in a single tense, is in the habit of producing from his waistcoat pocket a sheaf of notes containing extracts from FORSTER'S *Life of Dickens* and other accessible works. With this in

hand the couple visit Hatton Garden, the Marshalsea, and other quarters of London associated with DICKENS. When they come to appropriate spots the client pulls out the sheaf of notes and reads an extract, and the solicitor makes humorous and penetrating remarks. "Richard and Francis Lovelace were both colonels," said the American. "Only two colonels!" I exclaimed with much sympathy. "Dear, dear." Good patriot though he was, a gleam of amusement sparkled in his eye. Well, it doesn't in mine. Nor does one beam in looking through other chapters dealing in the same airy fashion with SHAKESPEARE at Stratford-on-Avon, GOLDSMITH in Green Arbour Court, and SCOTT at Abbotsford.

MR. CHARLES PEARS, known to the world as a delightful artist, is also a sailorman of high skill, resource, and courage. He owns a yacht "of registered tonnage 2-65, and of yacht measurement 4 tons—which means that she was 26 feet long over all, 19 feet upon the water line, and 6-6 feet wide." In this cock-boat he started last year from the peaceful haven of Hammer-smith and sailed past Gravesend and out into the wild waters of the open sea, beyond Ramsgate, and so on to Calais, thence, with various rests by the way, to the Seine, and eventually from Fécamp back again to Hammer-smith. This adventurous voyage he has now described in a handsome book, *From the Thames to the Seine* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), and has adorned it with a great wealth of most beautiful illustrations.

MR. PEARS' account of his doings and of the admirable behaviour of his little yacht is a direct and graphic piece of work, breezy and briny as such an account should be. To be sure, he is occasionally, shall I say, a little impressionist in his dealings with French genders, but, on the other hand, his eye for colour is unfailing, and his renderings of the beauty he saw on sea and land are amongst the most brilliant and fascinating things ever done in this kind. Indeed, MR. PEARS is an artist *enragé*—I use the word in a sense as highly complimentary as it can be made to bear. When he was suffering tortures from a toothache at Abbeville and was hunting elusive dentists through the streets of that city, he could stop in his vain and maddening chase in order that he might contemplate and admire and sketch the beauty of the Somme Canal, "a weird view of sombre still water reflecting gloomy trees, a mysterious bank upon either hand, and a few gas-lights . . . Looking into the water below it seemed as deep as the sky is high."

I congratulate MR. PEARS on his yacht, his pluck, and his book.

If, as I'm led to understand,
The coming summer should be fine,
Myriads, *Baedeker* in hand,
Will wander forth to do the Rhine.

With *Baedeker*, it's true, they'll make
Certain of all the sights there are,
But I would have them also take
The Sword Maker, by ROBERT BARR.

BARR gives them the romantic side,
Dressed in a very taking way,
With thrills and love affairs to tide
Over the ennui of the day.

Indeed, the book (from MILLS AND BOON)
So pleased my jaded appetite
That, starting late one afternoon,
It held me far into the night.

You would not think that, after beginning his story



Uncle (taking niece for her first taxi ride). "WELL, GLADYS—HAD ENOUGH OF IT, EH?"
Glady's (much interested in fare disc). "OH, NO, UNCLE. LET'S GO ON. I WANT TO SEE IF
THE SHILLINGS CAN GO INTO DOUBLE FIGURES."

with the discovery of an unknown baby girl, abandoned in a pew in "the little chapel in Maiden Lane," there existed an author capable of such restraint as to carry it through to the end with never another word about the foundling's identity. But there does. And his name, one you will recognize with pleasure, is E. TEMPLE THURSTON. At every fresh chapter of *The Greatest Wish in the World* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) I said to myself, "Now, surely, Peggy is going to turn out to be a long-lost

somebody!" But she never did; and this is one of the many good points of a simple and tender little story. It is so simple that it can all be told in very few words. Peggy, thus left to the care of a delightful old Irish priest, *Father O'Leary*, is brought up by him and his housekeeper, *Mrs. Parfitt*, till she is old enough to fall in love with *Stephen Gale*, the sailor lodger in the house opposite. Then *Stephen* goes away in his ship and gets wrecked on a desert island with no posting facilities; and Peggy, mistaking grief for a vocation, is just about to enter a convent, when—. But naturally you guess what happens then.

Not that this is by any means the way in which MR. THURSTON tells the tale; no synopsis of mine could do justice to a style of which the quaint irrelevancies and playful charm must be enjoyed for their own sake. I am not perfectly sure, though, that towards the end MR. THURSTON has not permitted that same playful charm to run away with him for some little distance, to the extent, indeed, of giving possible offence to those for whom matters of religion are not amenable to such treatment, be it never so delicate. I hope not; for I should like everyone to find the book as pleasant as I have found it.